
TO OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.



OFTLY murmurs a mystical cadence
 Of beautiful melody,
 And it breathes like the zephyrs of Carmel,
 Sweet thoughts, gentle Mother, of thee;
 And oh! what a silvery radiance,
 As fair as the evening star,
 Shines forth through the clouds of my spirit
 From shadowless skies afar.

II.

I lift up my eyes to its beauty,
 It gladdens their longing gaze,
 And I walk in the light of its beaming,
 The path of its guiding rays;
 'Tis the star gleam of Mary shining,
 The gift of maternal love,
 And it soothes all the pains of exile
 With hope of the gladness above.

III.

As I gaze through the long past vista,
 Of grace in the dear dead years,
 There is ever a shrine of our Lady
 Shining fair through a mist of tears;
 She was there in the dawn of morning,
 When the sky was of cloudless blue,
 And e'en in the shadowy twilight,
 So faithful and loving and true.

IV.

But now, O my Queen of Mt. Carmel,
 I feel more than ever thine,
 And around me in joy and sorrow
 Thy love and compassion entwine;
 When shadows of death gather round me,
 Like twilight so dim and grey,
 Shine forth, O thou star of my spirit,
 Fair herald of golden day.

V.

And after this mournful exile,
 Sweet Mother, the dearest, the best,
 Show forth to my gaze thy Jesus,
 Afar in His kingdom of rest;
 There is joy for each day of mourning,
 For suffering eternal balm,
 When we gaze on the glorious vision
 Of thee and of God and the Lamb.

In grateful remembrance of being made a "Child of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel,"

MAY, 1895.